

More than Conquerour.

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A
S E R M O N

Preach't on the
MARTYRDOM
OF
King Charles the I.

Jan. 30. at CHRIST-CHURCH, *Dublin.*

Before his *Excellency*:

A R T H U R

Earl of ESSEX, Lord Lieutenant General,
and General Governour of the Kingdom of IRELAND.

By B. P. D. D.

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TO THE


Right Honourable and Excellent,

ELIZABETH

COUNTESS OF

ESSEX, &c.

MADAM,

 Ere not my *obedience* to
your Ladyships Com-
mands, much *greater* than
any *ambition* of being in
Print, I should not have
troubled your Ladyship, or the
world,

world, with so *mean* an Offering and performance; for which I should, according to Custom, have made some *solemn* Apology, but that your Ladyships Name and Patronage will be its *best Vindication*: a *Favour*, which as it *transcends* all that my merit or abilities in this kind can pretend to, so I cannot but be the more sensible of it; for having given me the honour (though unexpected) of paying my poor little loyal humble *Mine* to the never dying memory of the *Best* of **KINGS**; and thereby of publickly acknowledging likewise those *Obligations*, and particularly the happiness of attending his Excellency and your Ladyship, since my coming to this place, which subscribes me in all gratitude and zeal

Your Ladyships most devoted

humble Servant and Orator,

B. PARRY.



R O M. VIII. xxxvii.

*Nay, in all these things, we are more than
Conquerours, through Him that loved
Us.*



These words are the *Christians
Victory*, the *Believers Con-
quest*, his *Tryals*, and his *Tri-
umphs*, his *Outward Cross*,
and his *Inward Graces*, his
Temptations, and his *Glory*.

Can there be any thing more *bitter* than
Persecution & Famine, nakedness and distress,
or more *terrible* and *amazing* than *Peril*,
and the *Sword*. *Skin for skin*, and *all that*

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a man hath, will he give for his life; and yet a good man will not stick to part with that too, when it shall please God to call for it, that he may hasten to his presence, and be partaker of his Glory.

St. Paul had run through a whole *stage* of miseries, every Sermon he Preached, was turned into an *Inditement* against him, and afforded his malicious Persecutors, *fresh* argument and matter to torment him with; he *Travell'd* through as many misfortunes, in *Countries*, and found every place beset with Thieves and Murderers to dispatch him, no where safe almost, but in Prison, fain to be guarded, from one death to another, from the fury of the *Jewes*, to the Roman Tribunal, and make his appeal from the rage of Zealots for Sanctuary to Nero. Shipwreck't by the *Waves* in one place, and the madness of the People in another, no where safe from Storms and Dangers, but made a *Sufferer* in every Element. Such was the condition of this Great Saint, who filled every place with his Name and Memory, the wonders of his Faith and Courage,
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under all his Pressures and Afflictions.

And yet it was no more, than what might justly be expected from those mighty graces of the Spirit that strengthened and adorned his Soul, that the World might see our Blessed Lord (when he ascended up on high, and led Captivity Captive) took not away his Miracles and Graces, but left his Apostles to continue and enlarge the wonders he hath done, to Propagate his Truth, and Instruct us for Heaven, That as many as through them should believe in his name, might have power also to become the Sons of God, Heirs of the promise, and joynt Heirs with Christ, and more than Conquerours through him that loved them.

In which words (not to insist on that obvious Doctrine which springs from them, That crosses and afflictions are the usual lot and portion of the Righteous, and that all who live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution) I shall consider these Two particulars. 1. The power and excellency of Gods grace, goodness, and love, manifested in the faith, patience, and perseverance of his

servants; their invincible courage and resolution in all their highest dangers and temptations; and the infallible testimony and assurance he hath thereby given the World, of the Divinity of his Truth and Gospel.

2. The happy fruits, the victorious consequences and effects of this spiritual warfare, with the rewards and triumphs that attend it, in making us more than Conquerours, doubling and advancing our glory; heightning and augmenting our felicity and honour in this life, and that which is to come.

I begin with the First, the excellency and power of Gods grace, goodness, and love, manifested in the faith, patience, and perseverance of his servants; their invincible courage and resolution in their highest dangers and temptations; and the infallible testimony and assurance he hath thereby given the world of the Divinity of his Truth and Gospel.

How poor and perishing a thing man is once left unto himself, without assistance from above, the whole Creation (which groans and travails to be delivered from the burden of our corruptions) sufficiently declares

clares; the very sense and consideration of it extorted sighs from the soberest and wisest *heathens*; and they have filled their Books with remonstrances and complaints of the *frailty* and folly of their natures; the *jarrs* and discord of their *own frames* being greater than the *wars* of *Elements*; and more destructive to the Universe: the Contemplation of it turned one *Philosopher* into an universal *mourner*, making his *whole life* one constant and continued *Epitaph*, weeping out his *eyes* and time at the *misery* and infirmities of mankind; and though they endeavoured with all the arguments of reason and wit to prescribe a remedy for their *misfortunes*, yet they were too hard for themselves, and found, That the strictest *Philosophy*, the severest Discipline, and the highest *Morality* could never perfectly reform or refine the *man*, so *blind* is every man, and the very best of men, without the *aids* and *illuminations* of a *divine light* from above. Brag not then of thy *intellectualls*, or thy parts; thy activity, or thy skill; thy old maxims, or thy new dis-

coveries; thy fortunate reaches, or thy subtillest inclosure; Let thy *Ancestours* be *dwarfs* and *pigmies* to thy vaster improvements; and the *Anakims* but *shrubs*, and *mushromes* to thy mighty productions; Let thy *Cedar* plantations outdo their *quickset*, and let them be but *brambles* to thy *olive tree*, and its *fertile* issues; Let the old *Theatre* and its *pomp*; the lofty *Platonick*, and the wandring *Peripatetick* bow down to our new *Academies* and *Models*, and exploded *atoms* be brought back with new *pomp* and *splendour*, to adorn the world, and make up its beauty. What are our *Virtuoso*-triumphs, or their richest accomplishments and improvements without *sublimar* perfections in *grace* and *virtue*, but a *golden dream*, or glorious apparition; an elaborate *shadow*, or a studied *delusion*, and (which is far worse) our *damnation* too. Nothing can truly cheer the *soul*, or enliven the *mind*; advance our prospect or our progress; give *life* or *Sun-shine* to our hopes and desires; and enrich the heart with a *solid*, ravishing, and *unchangeable*

contentment and delight, above toys and trifles; storms or misfortunes, but *divine love*, and a victorious *faith*; a firm piety, and a constant devotion: *these* are the miracles of the world, the joy and glory of mankind, without which we had been still in darkness and the shadow of death, heirs of sin, and slaves to the Devil.

And therefore it is indeed a *higher act* of *omnipotence* and *love* to restore the soul than the body; to redeem from hell than the grave; to raise the sinner than Lazarus from his tomb: a greater miracle of goodness and power to be renewed for Heaven, than awakened from our dust; it cost more to ransom us from our selves and the Devil, and renew the *divine image*, than to make us live, or form us out of earth and nothing. But thus did God unlock his treasury, and display the riches of his grace, to let us see, That as nothing is too great for his power: so nothing should be too dear for his love; *astonishing the heavens*, and *amazing the earth*; and making the powers of hell shake at the wonders of our Redemption,

prion, whilst the *Angels* sing, and the *Seraphims* renew their flames and brightness at our *Conversion* and glory, as if they themselves were made happier thereby.

Stand still ye *Righteous* and behold the salvation of the *Lord*; the wonders and rewards of his Servants Piety through the World. The 11 chapter to the *Hebrewes* is a Catalogue of all the *Worthies* that lived and dyed in *Faith*, and the beginning of the next, is a Trumpet to Rouze us up to the same glory. *Enoch* walked with God, the onely solitary Saint of his time that conversed with Heaven by the purities of a transcendent Devotion, the first *Hermit* that went out of the way the common ordinary road of the World to walk with God, and because there was no fit company for him on Earth (the World not being worthy of him) God was pleased to translate him up alive to himself, that we might see what are the fruits of a *Holy life*, the rewards of Piety, and the raptures of Divine love. *Noah* was a *Preacher of Righteousness*, and when they who regarded
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not his Doctrine were buried with their Sins and Riots in silence together; God provided him a *Sanctuary* to preserve his name and vertue, and perpetuate his Memorial with his Church for ever.

Abrahams Faith renewed his years, and made him fruitful in his posterity as well as his Graces, he became the founder of Monarchies and Kingdoms; but his noblest title of Honour was his being *Father of the faithful*, that was indeed a blessing which Crowns and Scepters could not give, he believed and it was imputed to him for Righteousness, and that was *Throne and Glory* enough; He staggered not at the promise, and that established him for ever; he enjoyed his *Maker* here on earth, and conversed so familiarly with heaven before he came there, that his very bosome hath been reckoned a place of *Panadise* ever since. Such is the priviledge and happiness of the just who lives by Faith, he cannot dye even when he is breathless, for his life is hid with *Christ in God*, and being dead unto the world, he is alive unto *God*, and speaks

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eternity

eternity in his graces, he lives here by faith, a life of secret and invisible joyes; for, the life of nature is but a sleep, and that of sense a Dream; but that of grace is truly Vital, made up of the choicest Spirits, and a never-dying composure. This is the life of a true *Christian*, and the greatest glory of heaven upon earth, when we become conformable to the Death of *Christ*, *Death hath no more dominion over us*; but we can triumphantly, with our Apostle in another place, cry out, *O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?* A heart replenisht with divine grace, is not easily frightned with stripes and imprisonment, hardship and want, peril or the sword, or whatever else may scare a meer animal or Coward, but prepares to meet his *God*, in what way soever he shall be pleased to call him.

¶ *T*is true, it is no mean talent, no small gift to bear our afflictions with a chearful and pious submission to *God's* will. It is not for every *palat* to endure the bitterness

ness of this Cup but his, that with *David*, hath tasted how good the Lord is, and that the end and fruits of his Cross are deliciousness and peace. Storms and thunders are the tryals of a *Christian*; he that can endure these, and not be shaken or overthrown at Root, is fit for Paradise and the regions of peace. To follow *Christ* for the loaves and miracles, in time of prosperity and triumph, is no news: they that crucified him did so; but to keep him company in the desert, or more formidable Garden, and not shrink at the approach of *Lantern* and *Souldiers*; the *Traytor* and the *Trainband*, a midnight-terroure, or an open distress. To fall when we are in our *Spring*, and be sacrific'd in the pride and strength of nature; to submit to flames and Axes, and be tormented at every *Tyrants* pleasure, to take up our heaviest cross, and thus dye for the name of *Christ*, is a temper as Rare as it is Happy, the results of an invincible Piety and Faith, the highest strength and glory of a *Christian*.

And therefore Secondly, It is a mighty

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proof

proof and argument of the *Divinity* of the *Gospel*; That the *Doctrine* of the *Cross* should find so many worshipers and followers; That men should at first be converted to afflictions, and made *Regenerate* that they might suffer, grow in love with their persecutions, and rejoyce in nothing more than imitating the example of their *Holy Lord*.

'Tis true we read of some *Heathens*, That brag'd of their *Valour* and *Courage* in the midst of their *misfortunes*; that they had acquired a temper of being above storms, and could defie lightning and thunder by *Lawrels* of their own making: and though nothing be more noble to Conquer our passions, and be armed against the *Casualties* and *Calamities* of this *World*. Yet examples in this kind are very rare, few or none amongst them have ever done it, for even the proudest *Stoicks*, and they that spoke biggest of themselves and virtue, were Cowards to their own Rules, and fainted under the flourish of their fine discourses: and whatever their seeming bra-

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very might be; yet their *hopes* were vanishing and shallow, neither satisfactory to the Soul, nor durable in themselves; and though some of them are said to have endured *death*, rather than violate or falsifie their word and trust, they are to be commended for so doing, and it is no error or mistake to say, that *God* might Crown them with more strength than ordinary, as well to *justifie* a good cause, as for the encouragement even of moral *vertue* in this life: but yet these instances, and whatever else can be produced in this kind, are nothing to the List of *diviner Heroes* in the Church, the multitude of *victorious Sufferers* of every Age and Sex, who cannot possibly be thought owners of such strength of body and mind, as to endure the torments to which they were exposed, without a secret *arm*, an invisible *power*, and a mighty irresistible *grace* subduing all before it.

And if it shall be further urged, that even amongst *Christians*, as *Sectaries* and others (if they may be called *Christians*

that are out of the Church) there are some
 so stout, that no *penalties* almost can force
 them to recant or renounce their *errours*,
 and return to their wits and duty again:
 we must say first, That they are few for
 the *number*, and much fewer for their
worth. Secondly, That the *obstinacy* of
 bad men in a bad cause, as it doth not ju-
 stifie their crimes, so neither doth it dispa-
 rage the piety and virtue of good men in
 a good; for, a notorious *Malefactor* is not
 less a *Criminal* for being obstinate and un-
 relenting, and therefore it does not at all
 disparage or evacuate the power of *Gods*
grace, that even wicked and carnal men
 may seem to have a share sometimes of the
 same *fortitude* and *courage*, for *hypocrisie*
 is no stranger in the World. The best things
 have their *Counterfeits*, and it is the *De-*
vils constant work, and choicest *master-*
piece, to imitate as much as he can, the
 gifts and graces of *Gods Spirit*, and Trans-
 form himself into an *Angel of light* to de-
 lude the *World*; but as no man in his
 wits will say, there is no such thing as
 Truth,

Truth, because some have writ *Fables* and *Romances*; so neither can we deny the mighty *operations* of Gods Holy Spirit in his *Church* and *Servants*, because there are so many *lyars*, and *pretenders* to the same Spirit: since we have a *sure* rule left us, by which we are to *walk* our selves, and *judge* of others.

In a word if it be true, That it is the *cause* alone which makes a *Martyr*, than they who have no *other certificate* from Heaven, but *that* which is common to *Brutes* also; are not *Saints* and *Conquerours* but *Cheats* and *Deceivers*, and they are *Children* in *grace* as well as *knowledge*, that will be thus *baffled* and *trepann'd* from their *Holy faith*, by such *Tricks* and *Impostures*. There is no man living without his *Cross* in this *World* one way or other; but he that *bears* it *piously* and *bravely* and *endures* to the *end*, he *shall* be *saved*, and he that *suffers* for *Righteousness* sake is *blest* for ever. *What man is he that would see good dayes* in spite of all his *Enemies* and *Oppressors*, *keep thy Soul from evil*, and thou *shall*

shall be happy in the midst of thy Troubles, and what ever the World may rob thee of; yet Heaven is thy portion, and its refreshments thy comfort and reward, no adversity can deprive thee of that, since the more thou art afflicted, the greater is thy Crown; and therefore no good Christian will murmur or repine at the various methods of Gods providence in this World, that thus exerciseth the faith and patience of his Servants, that their joyes and his glory may be the greater. For what ever the frailty of our natures, and the weakness of flesh and blood may be, he that sincerely makes God his hope, shall not want a deliverance from, or Consolation in his distress, which they that carnally and Sceptically deride, are not worthy to receive, which brings me to the next particular. The happy fruits, the victorious consequences and effects of this spiritual warfare, with the rewards and triumphs that attend it, in making us more than Conquerours, Crowning us with peace, & strength, and joy in the Holy Ghost in this life, and eternal glory in the next.

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When God told St. Paul, That *his grace was sufficient for him*, he triumphantly declares, He could *do all things through Christ that strengthened him*; for having made it his constant exercise and study, to have *always a conscience void of offence*; he feared not the face of man, but thirsted to behold *that of Gods*, and could with more zeal and pleasure lay down his life, than other men could preserve theirs; so vast, so admirable a change can the Spirit of God make in the soul of man, with such glory display his Omnipotence in our weakness, His Majesty in our infirmities, and make humane misery and distress, a *Theam* and Theatre to display the strength and riches of his power and love.

Our Blessed Lord could have armed his Apostles, with a word to have crush'd the Earth to nothing, given them legions of Angels to prepare their way and gather Captives; or with storms and lightning have blasted the World into submission and Homage, and made Kingdoms tremble and bow down before them. But he took as

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no other

*noth*er course, which though not so *outward-*
ly pompous, or *seemingly* powerful and pre-
vailing; was yet more *wonderfully* and *un-*
expectedly glorious and *successful*; making
weak things to confound the mighty, and *fool-*
ish things to confute the wise, and *Babes* and
Children to disarm *Cæsars* and their legi-
ons, *basse* their strength and their *Philoso-*
phy together: and by humility and pati-
ence, faith and perseverance, *gain more Tri-*
umphs then by Arms and Banners, teaching
us thereby neither to *trust in*, nor *make*
use of an arm of *flesh* in His *service*, that
 His *Gospel* was not to be propagated by
violence and *blood*, force or murder, *Treason*
 or *Compulsion*, but the nobler *Warfare* of
Obedience and *Peace*. Vindicating also his
Providence by bringing good out of evil,
 defeating the malice of his *Enemies*, and
 the arts of the Devil; making good the
Truth of his *promises* in the faith and
 courage of his *Saints* and *Martyrs*, that
 his *Holy Spirit* was indeed the *Comforter*,
 the *Lord* and *giver of life*, both in the *Try-*
al and the *exaltation*, the *exercise* and *esta-*
blish-

blissment of their hopes and graces, not only in supporting and sustaining their infirmities; but by inspiring them above all the horrors of Mortality; rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name sake.

An honour greater (I may say) then that of *Angels*, who live, but not by dying, are Ministers of his will, but not *Martyrs* for it; They stand before the Throne, but their voice is not heard from under the Altar, they afford not their Maker cause or occasion to display such variety of wonders. And therefore for man, frail man dust and ashes not to fear death, is more wonderful and glorious than to be above it, and to expire for Gods Truth more noble than their immortality.

Wherefore our Holy Lord hath pronounc't a double blessedness to them that suffer for Righteousness sake, the honour and the reward of persecution; Their Memory shall be sacred and their name precious, their sufferings eterniz'd, and their very dust immortal, and the Kingdom of Hea-

ven being their assured *portion*, they shall at the Resurrection of the just, exchange their *Purple* for a *Robe of light*, and their *Crimson dye* for a *Crown of Glory*, and shine for ever, as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father.

And truly were it not for this, what would the *life of a Christian* be, but a *miserable* and *empty nothing*? the *punishment* and *derision* of *mankind*? why did *David* complain that he was *become a scorn* to all that were round about him, he might have turned *scorner himself*, and instead of being the *Royal Prophet*, have been a *Tyrant*, or an *Atheist*, as *proud* and *imperious*, as the greatest *Pagan* or *Barbarian Monarch*. For a *Prince* to *wish himself a door-keeper* in the *house of God*, and be content to leave his *Throne and Kingdom* *flowing with milk and honey* for a new *Jerusalem*, was a pleasant *Paradox* for the *Carnal* and the *prophane* to *droll at*; And that the *Apostles* and their successive *Martyrs* should endure the *scoffs*, *miseries* and *torments* of vulgar rage and madness, for an *invisible* King.

Kingdom, had they not the *strongest* convictions for *proof* and the *highest* consolations for *support*, might well be look't upon as the highest degree of *folly* in the world. And so no question it appears to *those* that are yet *strangers* to their *graces*, and have not yet felt the *least spark* of that Divine fire, which *warmed* them into *flames* and *rapture*; They that *will not believe*, shall never find nor know what the *joyes* and *breathings* of the Spirit are, how *secret* and *irresistable* its *strength*, how *sweet* its *influence*, how *ravishing* its *charms*, how *powerful* and *divine* its *motions* and its *light*.

Let the *Infidels* wit then grow *big* with his own *folly*, and strain hard to make his *nonsense* *fashionable* and taking, let the *Atheist* and the *prophane* sit as *dictator* in his *Chair*, and be the founder of a *new Academy*, wherein to *Apostatize* or *BlaspHEME*, shall be no more a *sin* but an *improvement*. Let the *Temporizer* and the *Coward*, the *worldly* mind and the *false* heart, follow the *fortune* and *flatter* the *sins* of *Tyrants*; be *Disciples* of a *prevailing faction*, and *Canoniz^e*

nize the crimes of prosperous impiety, count Treason no sin, nor inconstancy a shame, laugh at sacrilege, and fast with the Pharisee, onely to whet their stomachs and be the more devouring, anoint their forehead with perjury, and make long prayers even to a desolation. Let the lewelling of Churches be the Zealots pride, and the pulling down of Crowns and Scepters the Saints privilege, let the vitious and the vile thrive and flourish for the time, grow rich and secure in all their worldly ends and enjoyments; yet after all there is God that judgeth the Earth, and who besides his vengeance hereafter, can curse the wicked in their Graves, when they seem to have escap'd his anger, pursue their Carcasses and Ruines, and make their very death but the beginning of a worse destruction, plague their posterity, and bring them also to an account for their predecessors crimes. Blood hath a crying and a peircing voice; it awakens the Dead and makes them speak, nay, it reaches Heaven and will not let God alone, till he descend and revenge its cause, it was Davids

wids fright and his prayer, That God would preserve him from blood guiltyness, if he prayed so for himself, what must they do that murderd David. If the blood of Gods private Saints and Servants cry from under the Altar, That of his Anointed will pierce through sure? and when the sin seems spent or forgotten; yet the punishment is not, that may last and pass from one generation to another, and even in this life as well as the next, God will make it appear, that sooner or later, he will bring iniquity to remembrance, and avenge the blood of his Saints, and plague a guilty land with astonishment and horreur.

And therefore it is the special duty and design of our present meeting this day, to silence, if we can, the voice of innocent and Royal blood, by a repentance loud as our sins, and also to reverence and renew the memory of a Prince, sacred for his Government and his graces, bury him afresh who can never dye; and whilst his murderers (barbarous after death) denied him the Obsequies of a King, we will be his yearly

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ly mourners, and interr him afresh with a more illustrious sorrow.

And truly no Age or People almost since the *Creation*, stand more in need both of the preaching and the practice of *true* repentance and obedience, than the sinful Kingdoms in which we live; for none have so degenerated from the honour and beauty of *Christianity*: none have so affronted its *Holy Author*, and disgrac't his *Gospel*, despised his *Word*, or perverted it more. For that very course and method which *God* at first appointed, and still continues to the world to cure its confusions, creating *Magistrates* to keep the Peace, and sending *Kings* as his own *Vice-gerents* to heal our disorders, and strengthening the Blessing by commanding every soul, to *submit* to their authority and power, that so we might the better learn to fear and obey him. We have employed to a quite contrary *design*, and as if we had never heard or learnt any such *Lesson*, by a new *Divinity*, will neither fear *God*, nor honour the *King*; for *Monarchy*, they say, is an arbitrary Govern-

vestment, not fit for *Saints*, that would rule all as *Kings* themselves.

Such is the *end* and *fruit* of all popular Tumults, preach't up under colour of *Religion* and *Reformation*; no noise louder, no quarrel finds more Seconds, than that of *Religion*, every man turns *zealot* in such a cause, wherein he hopes his own *Diana* shall be *uppermost*, and his fortune advanc't by usurping his Neighbours *Vineyard* for his inheritance; and accordingly they made it their business to cry out on the *Magistrate*, that they might get *profelytes* for a faction, and exclaim against the *Church*, to gain *Disciples* for a *Reformation*. Endeavouring to find fault, first with their *Prince*, and then as handsomely transferr it on his *evil Counsellors*, out of their *loyal* and abundant affection abasing him doubly. First in his *person*, than in his *choice*, committing a double error, first in making themselves, both parties, Judges and Executioners, and secondly, In taking a wrong course, by making *Rebellion* a way to *Reformation*, *Disobedience* a remedy for pretended in-

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convenience, and redress at most but small faults, by committing much more great and horrid: an *Artifice* so profoundly *politick* and *Divine*, that by it no *person* or *calling* ever can or shall be secure.

But *Pride* and *Ambition* scorn all bounds of *Justice* or *Duty*, The new, the best, and surest way to subvert the Crown, was by taking away its *Supporters*; And therefore those two great *Heroes* and *Champions* of Church and State, the noble *Straford* (from whom the Reformation of *this Church* and Kingdom, derives the best part of its strength and beauty;) and the pious *Land* who thought nothing too great for *God* and the *King*, were by a new found ordinance, thought the fittest *Sacrifice* to prepare and lay the Scene of a deeper and more fatal *Tragedy*. *Princes* seldom fall alone, *Crowns* and *Miters* like *Twins* cannot well be parted; so great a Majesty and vertue could not goe of a cheap and single *Sacrifice*, but like a mighty *Earthquake* carry open ruine with it. And though his *Murderers* like themselves denyed him the

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Funerals of a *King*, they provided him a *more solemn* and illustrious attendance, sending *some* that could not follow him to the Grave, to keep him *Company* in it, mingle *ruines*, and Crown his Triumphs with *fresh Purple*, out of their own veins. And among the *rest* of those *noble* and *Heroick* persons that *bled* for their *Prince* and *Country*, let *His Name* flourish and be Honourable in *this Kingdom* also, from whom (by His Majesties goodness) we now derive and enjoy a *Governour*, under whose *Pious influence* and *Prudent care*, we may (by Gods blessing) reap as *much good*, as the *Church* hath glory by his *Fathers sufferings*.

And it is but a poor excuse, and worse amends after all, to tell us they never intended so fatal a change, for had they not taken away his power, he had never lost his life. But where did we ever yet see Tumults guided by discretion, or a Riotous multitude observe any bounds? Never was any Kingdom thus mended, that was not also subverted, and made a Sacrifice in its

own flames : *Rebellion* having once got ground and footing, knowes *no limits* but its own *Ruine*, and as it began with the *Devil* first, so it seldom stops till it come to *Hell*. And therefore 'tis compared in Scripture to *Witchcraft* and *Idolatry*, because it is the proper work of the *Devil*, and renders us like him. For *Subjects* to *dethrone* and *murder* their *Prince*, and with unheard of impudence pretending to *Piety* and *Justice*, condemn him who is the *life* of the *law*, and the *faiths* *Defendor*; is such a piece of *Religion*, as the *Devil* never yet durst preach to *Infidels* and *Pagans*, 'tis a *Prodigy* in nature against the *common notions* of *mankind*, worse than *Brutes*, for they stand in *awe* of their *King*, not more for the *strength* of his *limbs* than the *Majesty* of his *temper*: and does *Religion* (think you) command that which is *detestable* to every nature under the *Sun*? *Christianity* sure hath not made *Kings* more weak and despicable, nor was it planted to *dethrone*, but *establish* them better.

God never made *Rebellion* a *grace*, 'tis
not

not to be found in the Catalogue of his gifts and blessings, his Gospel gives no such Commission, nor is violence and blood any part of its Doctrine or Discipline; The Sons of Belial are no fit pen-men for the spirit, nor does a Drum or Trumpet-lecturer become the Pulpit. What should I now lead you to the Apostles and the Martyrs Tombs, where nothing but peace and innocence are asleep; you shall read or hear of no Treason in their Epitaphs, nothing to sully the brightness and memory of their Loyalty and Religion, they never wronged Caesar when alive, and their deaths proclaimed them his best friends.

Whence then came the noise and tumult in our ears? Where did we learn the religious mutiny of schism and sedition, of pulling down Kings to enlarge the Dominions of the Church, of crushing magistracy to nothing, that we might exalt nothing; of depopulating the world, that the Saints might inherit the earth; of taking away all Government, that we might have the more liberty to undo one another; of crying out

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against Popery, that we might have no Religion; of chasing out Superstition, that we might not serve God at all? They that thought it idolatry to bow at the Name of Jesus, thought it none to overthrow all for it, and make every place feel the mockery and abuse, the severe and lofty rebukes of zealous rage and prophaness.

Kings were wont to be lookt upon with more veneration and respect; and whatsoever account we now-a-dayes make of them, yet God is so careful of their welfare and honour, that he hath strictly charged us not to touch or affront them; their Names, as well as their Persons and Calling are sacred, I said ye are Gods, and if so, the very thought of abusing them, is Sacriledge as well as Treason; if they are tender to him as the apple of his eye, they may well become precious in the sight of ours. God made man after his own image, but Kings have it in a double manner: First, as men; and then, as Kings: by the one, they represent his Being; by the other, his Authority. God made man to rule inferiour creatures,

tures, but *Kings* to govern men, and be a more *immediate* copy of his power and glory.

And truly our *late* martyr'd *Sovereign* was such an one; the brightest *Resemblance* and representative of his *God* every way, that was upon the earth; *One*, that was *above* others, not more in *place*, than *goodness* and *virtue*; not more *Sacred* and *Illustrious* for his *Majesty*, than his *Graces*; *Crowned* with as much *goodness* as *power*, the *Kingdom* and the *Churches* glory; So eminently *Learned* and *Religious* from his *Youth*, that he was thought fittest to be the *Churches* *Angel*, before he became its *nursing* *Father*; and more than *Bishop*, when he was not yet the *Faiths* *Defender*. And when he came to govern both *Church* and *State*, did he *change* his temper with his fortune? Was he *less* good by being a *King*? No, he was the *Saint* and *Seraphim* of the *Throne*, his *presence* was a *Sanctuary*, and every place lookt like a *Temple*, whilst he was there. He never thought himself *greater*, than when he was upon
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his knees; nor brighter, than in the cloud and incense of his prayers, throwing his Crown (with the Elders in the Revelation) at his feet that gave it, and then mingling himself with those Blessed Spirits in adoration and praises.

But besides his *Piety*, in which he hath outdone all the *Zealots* of his Age, he had all the *virtues* of *Prince* or *Man*; there were many *Kings* in his time, but none so much after *Gods own heart*, he was the true *Majesty* of his Age. Others might have larger *Kingdoms*, but none so great, so good a *Soul*. Let some brag of their *mines* and *treasures*, and that their *Dominions* run parallel with the *Sun*, his *graces* have outdone the *one*, and outshined the *other*. Let others boast of their *arms* and *banners*, and that that *Lilly* which exceeded *Solomon in glory*, is a part of their *Coat*, the *Royal* and *Religious candour* and *integrity* of his soul, makes that look pale and fading to his *pu-
ren* virtue. So great a lover of *peace*, and his *peoples welfare*, that he sent above *thirty* *Messages* for *peace*, and ten of them in
one

one year, in which he hath clearly exprest, how great and gracious a Soul he had, how good a Prince, how excellent a Christian.

Had Plato been alive, he might have seen his wish, a Prince and a Philosopher together; the Throne turned into an Academy of Piety and Learning; the Muses and the Graces keeping their Court in him; admirably skilled in all Arts and Sciences, but in Divinity a Prince and Professor; and his rare works shew it accordingly: such mixtures of Elegancy and Religion flowing in every line, that it is hard to say which were greater, his piety or his parts; his reason or his faith, his Rhetorick or his Prayers; the strains of his Fancy, or the Raptures of his pious soul; the depth of his judgment, or the humility of his mind; the excellence of the Prince, or the Divinity of the Saint. Every thing conspired to make him great and happy, but his graceless and irreligious subjects: Never had people a better King, never had Prince a more ungrateful people.

And shall not his Fall awaken us, and
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the voice of his *Blood*, send us for shelter to his, which speaks better things than that of Abels: Can so great a judgment be silent, but by as high and loud a repentance; a publick united sorrow, and an universal remorse. Let Turks and Arabians, thieves and murderers make no conscience of their Actions. Let the mad and frantick Sectary rave and be deaf, to the voice of sober reason and Religion: but let all that call on the Name of Christ, detest and depart from so great iniquity, and abhor the prodigious Villany of those monsters, that shed the Righteous and the Royal blood: and whilst we are ashamed of them and our selves, let us prize the memory of his graces, pay him Homage in the Grave, and give him that tribute of Honour and obedience we denyed him alive.

Yes Great Prince we will reverence thy Memory, and thy Righteousness shall not be forgotten, thy Sacrifice shall not want Tears, nor thy Martyrdom a Trophy, raised by our sighs; but much more lasting and eternal, we will bury thee afresh who canst neuer dye;

dye; nor shall *oblivion* fit upon thy Tomb whilst every *loyal heart* shall be thy Monument, and every *Eye* thy mourner, every year shall be the *Resurrection* of thy virtues, and our *shame*, thy *goodness* and our *ingratitude*, thy *glorious piety*, and our infamous *disloyalty*. Thy *Relicks* shall be sacred, and thy *name* pretious, thy *suffering Canonized*, and thy *death immortal*, the perfume of thy *graces*, and the fame of thy *remains*, the voice of thy *perfections* and never dying *piety* shall be its own *Chronicle* and *speaker*; Thou hast *conquered* thine *Enemies*, and art *entred* into thy *glory*, *Triumph't* over death, and art *sat down* in *greater Majesty*, and in a *better Kingdom*; and what have we to do, but to *imitate* his *piety* and *goodness*, and make the virtues of his life *our example*.

For though his *Royal Successor* was graciously pleased to set out an *Act of Pardon and Oblivion*; yet that alone will not serve the turn or acquit us of our *guilt*; but we must have *Gods pardon* as well as the *Kings*, if we would be *secure*, if we would *divert*

Gods judgments for the future, and appear with confidence and comfort before his Tribunal hereafter.

But alas! how can we expect *Gods* pardon, when instead of *Repenting*, we are ready to *repeat* our sins, and *renew* those *fatal crimes* that *destroy'd* us, willing and forward to *warm* our hands with *new fires*, grow *bright* once more in *Temple flames*, and *consume* the *Church* with fresh combustions. If this be not so, why then is there the noise and bleating of *Jeroboam's calves* in every corner, wildfire-doctrine and religious nonsense, Scripture perverted to *edification*, the *Faith* pretended against the *Decalogue*, and the *Gospel* made use of against the *Creed*. When there is so much *Atheism* and *prophaness* on one hand, and *schism* and *sedition* on the other, and so great and general a neglect of *God* in us all, can we think our selves *safe* without sincere repentance and reformation of our sins; or that we stand *so secure*, as not to fall again? *God* can reach us with a *secret* arrow from *Heaven*, or meet us with an *open* calamity

ty and judgment in our faces, he can blast our pride and confidence in a moment, consume our strength and beauty in a trice. We have had for many years such a *Vicissitude of mercies and judgments*, as no Age or Kingdom can parallel, and unless we have a mind to be rooted out for ever, from being a people professing his Name, let us make such *timely suitable returns* and acknowledgements, as may evidence our *sense and care*; our *wisdom*, and *repentance*; our *gratitude* and *obedience* under all his dispensations. Let the *mutability* and *misfortunes* of this world, *fix* and *settle* us the more on him, that seeing the *uncertainty* and *inconstancy* of all *earthly* things here below, we may seriously *look up*, and *wisely* prepare for that *glory* which is *above* the stroke of change or death, that so *having fought the good fight*, and *finished our course* with joy, we may have our *warfare crown'd* with *immortality*, and honour, and eternal life among the Saints in light.

F I N I S.